The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Dody and His Friends.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

II.

DR. ANDREWS was a fat, bald-headed. benevolent, eccentric man about sixty years of age, and he lived in a handsome house, on a quiet street, with his daughter, an unmarried lady equally eccentric, to keep house for him.

Dody, still in a half senseless state, was carried into the study and laid on a sofa, and the doctor rang for cold water, bandages, and his daughter.

"Mercy sakes, father! who is this?" exclaimed a woman's voice, and Miss Marion, commonly called Mallie, came into the room and found a pale boy on the sofa, staring straight at her with great black eyes.

"I ran over him in the street, and want to know how much he is hurt," replied the doctor, rubbing and pinching the boy's leg, as if he did not know it nearly killed him.

"Are there any scorpions in India?" asked Dody, with a little groan of pain.

"Mercy sakes! What do you care about India?" exclaimed the lady, tearing a bandage.

"I'm going there," said Dody, indistinctly, then fainted dead away.

When he awoke he was in a cosy chamber, which was warmly furnished in bright colors, and had a fire burning in the grate, for it was a blustering February day. The bed on which he lay was covered with a pretty white spread, there were gay chintz curtains at the windows, and a sofa and easy chair covered with the same; pictures on the walls, a case of books in one corner, and a little round table by the bedside holding cups, vials, and so forth. At the fire sat a lady, reading. She was neither young nor pretty, but plump and fresh looking, and had a very cheerful, pleasant expression.

Dody was too weak and sick to be very much surprised at his surroundings. and, indeed, he always took surprises very coolly, so he simply kept still and looked at Miss Mallie.

Her book seemed to amuse her, for her eyes were full of fun, and she smiled once or twice, and Dody smiled in sympathy, then suddenly she looked up and found him staring at her with a broad grin on his face.

"Mercy sakes!" said she in a pleasant voice, coming to his side. "How do you feel? and how long have you been awake?"

"Just a minute, and I feel pretty tired. Wasn't I knocked down or something?" for Dody's mind was still a little cloudy, and he did not very plainly remember what had happened. "How did I come here?" he asked, before she had time to answer.

"My father ran over you in the street, and finding you pretty badly bruised brought you home to cure you, for he is a doctor. You are now in my room and I am going to take care of you until you are well. Now don't talk any more, but take this medicine and go to sleep, and to-morrow I will tell you all about it."

Dody took the medicine, smiled dreamily at the lady, and in two minutes was asleep.

This was the day following his accident and he

had been in a delirious condition until this time. The doctor had ascertained that he was badly bruised and one bone was broken, but that with care he would soon get well, if the fever could be driven off. Dr. Andrews found him in a pretty grimy state as to body and underwear, so had bathed him as well as he could an insensible boy, and dressed him in one of his own night-shirts, and the servants carried him up to Miss Mallie's room.

When Dody awoke the second time, the doctor was feeling his pulse, and the lady standing near.

"Hollo, wide awake! How do you do, now?" asked the doctor, briskly.

"Pretty well, I thank you. How do you do?" replied Dody, for a wonder remembering his first, and almost his only lesson in politeness. "I guess I'd better go now," he added, when the doctor pulled out his watch to time the pulsations.

"Go where?" asked the doctor in astonishment.

"Go away," answered Dody, and he tried to rise, but to his astonishment found he could not move, and that trying to was like crushing his leg again. "I can't," said he, faintly, dropping his head upon the pillow. "I don't know what the matter is."

"Mercy sakes! he means go home. 'Matter!' why you are a sick boy, and you don't leave this house for a month!" cried Miss Mallie.

"Go! why bless your heart, you can't go away with that leg!" exclaimed the doctor. "Don't fret, sonny, you are all right now, and the more quiet you keep the sooner you will get well," he added, as a shade of disappointment crossed the boy's face.

"But I must go to India and make my fortune," protested our poor Dody.

"Mercy sakes! make his fortune!" ejaculated Mallie.

"Where do you live, my boy?" asked the doctor, bathing the aching limb in cold water.

Dody was about to give the street where Aunt Billings had lived, but he suddenly remembered that he lived nowhere, and answered to that effect, then told his story.

"Poor fellow! Is your name Billings, too?" asked Mallie.

"No, it is Theodore Henry Lansing Bowers," replied Dody, and he told the truth.

There was a slight smile on the doctor's face which Dody did not see, but Mallie, who was a born aristocrat, exclaimed, "Mercy sakes!" as usual, and added eagerly: "That is a good name, father."

"Humph! yes — hand me the arnica, now."

Mallie's eyes sparkled as if she wanted to say more, but she passed the arnica and kept quiet.

"This will hurt you, Theodore," said the doctor, as he poured the arnica on a sponge, "but it wont smart long; hold the limb as still as you can," for he expected a great outcry and struggle.

But Dody grabbed hold of his pillow and held on with a grip like a vice, and never flinched a single hair until the pain was over.

"You are a little hero! You are the bravest boy I ever saw!" cried Mallie.

"You have the form of a young giant. I never saw such cords and muscles," said the doctor, as he wound the last bandage and carefully laid the limb in position.

"Now you shall have some supper, and you can feed yourself this time. Father has held you and I have fed you every meal you have had thus far," and Miss Mallie bustled around clearing the bottles off the little table and spreading it with a fresh white cloth.

"Don't get excited or worried, and I will see you again to-night, hoping to find you better," said the doctor, just as he was leaving the room.

Mallie rang the bell, and a girl brought in a bowl of steaming fragrant gruel, and two soft crackers which were placed on the little table, and Dody slowly ate his supper, bolstered up in the bed by a chair turned upside down behind his pillows, while Miss Mallie whisked about the room putting things to rights, stirring the fire, drawing the curtains, lighting the gas, and making the room cosy and cheerful, then drawing her chair up to the bed she took Dody's tanned hand in hers, and softly stroking it, talked in a pleasant way about her father, herself, and their home, until Dody sank to sleep feeling a new sensation of happiness and interest.

"Poor boy!" whispered Mallie, when his eyes closed and she saw how thin and worn his face was, and observed the marks of rough work on the hand she held. "He has had a hard battle with life, thus far, and if he deserves it he shall be easier and happier, hereafter."

Aunt Billings had been kind enough in her way, but she had not always had enough to eat, herself, and many a time had Dody gone hungry. She had never raved and scolded at him as many

rag-pickers did, even to their own children, but she never said very kind words to him, and he had not been petted since his father kissed his forehead for the last time, four or five years ago, so Mallie's pleasant, commanding way, her cheerful voice and ready sympathy, made quite an impression on the friendless boy, and it was not strange that he dreamed of angels with feathers on their wings and scorpions in their hands, who bent over him and fed him arnica; and when the doctor came in to feel his wrist and rub his forehead, it was a friendly sea-captain who was going to fly with him straight to India and give him a whole iceberg.

The next morning Dody was quite himself again, except that when the bandages got dry he would be feverish with pain, and he could not sit up alone, even long enough to eat his bowl of gruel. He never complained, however, and the doctor praised his patience unlimitedly, and Mallie brought him pictures to look at, puzzles to study, and her skeins of worsted to assort, which were in a terrible confusion.

The day following, Mallie's easy chair was wheeled up to the bed, and Dody, rolled in blankets until he looked like a mummy, was lifted into it by the doctor and the coachman, and wheeled into the adjoining room which was Dr. Andrew's sleeping apartment, then Miss Mallie brushed and combed his crop of shaggy black hair until he said he felt as if he had got a new head.

Meanwhile his bed was aired and shaken, and made up all fresh and clean, for he had passed a restless night, and Mallie was trying this experiment, to help him if possible.

Then Miss Mallie left him all rolled up in his blankets, with his lame leg resting on a cricket, and his eyes, shining with pleasure and contentment, gazing at the fire.

Suddenly he heard a slight sound, and turning his head he saw standing in the centre of the room, a tiny bit of a blond lassie, dressed in blue, who was regarding him with a look of wonder not unmixed with fear.

"Why Peteration! where did you come from?" cried Dody, frantically struggling to get one hand free from his wrappings that he might offer to shake hands with her.

The child retreated a step and asked pityingly, "Are oo the poor hurted boy?"

"Why—yes—I suppose so," replied Dody, rather doubtfully. "And who are you?"

"Doth oor foot ate now?" asked the little one, ignoring his question but slowly advancing.

"Not very much. Wont you tell me your name?" replied Dody, who had never seen such a charming specimen of babyhood before and hardly dared to speak lest she should take alarm.

"I am Panthie, and I am motht tree years old," responded the child, coming right up to him and leaning on the arm of his chair while she gazed up into his face with blue eyes full of sympathetic interest.

Ten minutes of earnest conversation followed, in which Dody told her what he could remember of his accident, and Pansie related to him that new and charming story of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe."

"O Aunt Mallie!" she cried, as that lady came into the room. "The wheel went wite over him."

"Mercy sakes! how came you here, Pansie Snow?" exclaimed Mallie, catching up and hugging the little girl.

"O, the font door was open, and I tomed," explained the Pansie.

"She is my niece and lives directly opposite. Father told her about you the first day you came, and she has been crazy to see you ever since; so we told her that when you were better she might pay you a visit, but it seems she has taken the matter into her own hands. I expect she will be run over or kidnapped one of these days, for just as sure as she sees the door open, over she comes, bare-headed or in slippers as the case may be."

While Miss Mallie was talking, she wheeled Dody back into his own room and baby trotted after.

"I must leave you the rest of the day," said Mallie, after Dody was comfortably propped up in bed, "but Maggie will bring your dinner, and I will leave you a nice book to read. What is it?"

She asked the question hastily, in response to a kind of conscious and ashamed look which came up in Dody's eyes.

"I'm afraid I couldn't read it. I didn't study very hard, and can't read unless it is pretty easy, except bill-posters and signs," answered Dody, mortified beyond all description.

"Mercy sakes! I might have known," thought Mallie, remorsefully, for her tender heart could not bear the look of pain caused by her thoughtlessness; but she said indifferently, as though it

was the most natural thing in the world for a boy thirteen years old to be unable to read,

"Then I'll bring you a little globe which turns in a rim, which I used to have when at school, and you can find India and Greenland, and every other country on it, and sometime I will tell you all about them."

Meanwhile the "Pet Pansie," as her grandfather called her, had been sitting on the foot of the bed swinging her bits of feet and smoothing her white apron with her tiny hand; but now she started off, out of the room, out of the house, and ran across to her own home, pulling the door-bell in great haste. Being admitted by a servant she ran to a room on the second floor, where a young man sat reading.

"O Horwace, tum, tum!" cried she, pulling away his book and catching his hand.

"Come where!" asked he calmly, taking her in his lap, though she was in such a tumult of excitement.

"Tum to Dody, NOW!" and she enforced her command with a slap on his hand and an imperative nod of her curly little head.

"What is it, Pansie dear?" for he saw she was very much in earnest about it, whatever it was.

"Why, he tan't wead, tum and show him how!"

"Who can't read?"

"Dody tan't, and Aunt Mallie mates him play with that horwid dlobe. Tum!" and she jumped from his knee and tugged at his hands as if she would carry him by main force.

"Oh! you mean that poor little fellow over to grandpa's. I would like to see him; get your hat and cloak, and I will go."

Eva B. Miller.

For the Myrtle.

How Benny had his Wish.

BENNY came home from the park one day,—
"Oh, the horses so fine, and the people so gay!
The thing of all things he would like the best
Was a jollier team than all the rest.

A span that would hold their heads in air!
A team that would make the people stare! —"
And Uncle Donald who sat and heard
Said "that team you shall have, upon my word"

He hunted high and he hunted low,
While the time to Benny was long and slow;
Till at last one morn to the door he led
The jolliest team ever urchin had.

A pony-carriage, a span of goats!
"A team," says uncle, "that feel their oats."
And Ben drove round the park like a king —
No team so stared at in all the ring!

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Charlie and May.

ONCE knew a very pretty little boy and girl. They were brother and sister, and their names were Charlie and May. Charlie was ten years old. He had beautiful dark blue eyes that glistened and looked black in the evening. May was two years younger, a little azure-eyed, fair-haired child, with the most roguish looking mouth imaginable.

I loved these children dearly, and thought they were the best children I ever knew. They were bright and active, and always seemed happy, and the sound of their innocent laughter was sweetest music to my ears. They were loving children, too, especially little May, and both very unselfish.

But one day — must I say it — they were so naughty to each other, and so selfish, that for the moment I felt that little spot in my heart, where I had treasured up my love for them, become empty; but it was only for a moment, for how could I cease to love them when I had loved them so long? And because I loved them so well it grieved me to see them naughty.

"Look, May," said Charlie, "Mrs. Wilmot gave me all these cherries."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed May with delight. "Do give me some, Charlie."

"No," answered Charlie, "I want them myself."

"Please give me just two or three," pleaded May, but Charlie shook his head, and went into the front yard to eat them.

May sighed and resumed the sewing on her doll's overskirt, which she soon finished.

In about an hour I saw May with some candy, and heard Charlie ask her how she came by it.

"Uncle Floyd gave it to me," she replied.

"Give me a little, wont you, May?" he asked.

"No," replied May, "for I have only a little."

"But I only want a taste."

"You are always wanting something," was her answer.

"Well, you are a stingy thing, anyway," said Charlie.

"No more so than you are," returned May.

"Why auntie, what is the matter?" they both asked, chancing to look into my face; and May came and put both plump arms around my neck, while Charlie stood by my side looking very anxious.

"I feel very bad," I replied.

"But why, auntie?"

"She feels bad for the same reason that mamma does," said their mother, looking up from her work.

The children looked at her inquiringly; but soon a look of intelligence as to the cause of our sorrow gleamed in the tear-dimming eyes of Charlie, and with a voice full of emotion he exclaimed:

"Oh May! I know why they feel so bad; it is because we are so naughty."

"Yes, that is why," returned May with a great sob, laying her bright head on his shoulder, while he tenderly clasped his arms around her, saying,

"We have been very unkind to each other, and made—mamma and—auntie—feel—"

Here the sobs choked his utterance.

"We haven't acted like a brother and sister," said May. "We've been awful stingy to-day, and yesterday we talked naughty—"

"And I struck you," added Charlie, sobbing bitterly. "May, can you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes," answered May, "and you will forgive me, and then we wont be naughty any more. But don't cry, Charlie; here, you shall have the rest of my candy. Please take it," said May, for Charlie shook his head.

"No," said Charlie, "for I can't give you any cherries, because I ate them all up."

"But you can give me some cherries another time. Do take the candy to please me."

And Charlie took it, saying:

"What a darling sister you are."

At this moment their papa came in, and holding up a large orange he said, "The one that speaks first." "Why do neither of you speak?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Come, *now*," but neither strove as usual to see who would say "*I*" first, and thereby claim the orange.

"What does this mean?" asked papa.

"I waited, hoping May would speak first, so she could have it," answered Charlie.

"And I waited for Charlie to speak," said May.

Papa put an orange in the hands of both his children, kissed them, and went out.

"Thank you, papa," they both said.

"Why, mamma's eyes are brimful of tears," exclaimed May.

"And auntie's, too," said Charlie, "do tell us what makes you cry."

"It is only because I am happy," I replied.

"Because I have such a good little boy and girl," said mamma. *S. F. Atwood.*

Spring Concert.

THERE'S a concert, a concert of gladness and glee —
The programme is rich and the tickets are free!
In a grand, vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen there.
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They travelled abroad in the winter recess,
And sung to vast crowds with unbounded success;
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret;
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voices and make them look old.
They invite you to come, if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn;
It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you, perchance, its own spirit of praise.

FOOLISH fear doubles danger.

Exercise for Floral Concert.

READ BY SUPERINTENDENT.

The Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume:
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms as the rose
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me.
Who come to Christ may live.

FIRST PUPIL. — (*Bringing to the desk a bouquet of roses*)

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.—*Solomon's Song* ii. 1.

SECOND PUPIL.—(*Bringing a bouquet of lilies.*)

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?—*Matt.* vi. 28–30.

THIRD PUPIL.—(*Bringing a bouquet of roses.*)

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.—*Isa.* xxxv. 1, 2.

FOURTH PUPIL.—(*With a bouquet.*)

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.—*Isa.* lv. 12, 13.

FIFTH PUPIL—(*With a bouquet of flowers*)

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Ephraim shall say, "What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him: I am like a green fir tree: from me is thy fruit found. Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.—*Joel* xiv. 4–9.

SIXTH PUPIL.—(*With flowers.*)

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes. My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether.—*Solomon's Song* ii. 11–17.

SEVENTH PUPIL.—(*With flowers.*)

I am the Vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing,—*John* xv. 5.

EIGHTH PUPIL.—(*With flowers.*)

Love is the sweetest flower that blows—
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.
O, what a garden will be seen
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green
Before the Planter's face!

SUPERINTENDENT.

O Father, Lord!
The All-beneficent! We bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to Nature.

SCHOOL SING.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice:
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

SUPERINTENDENT.

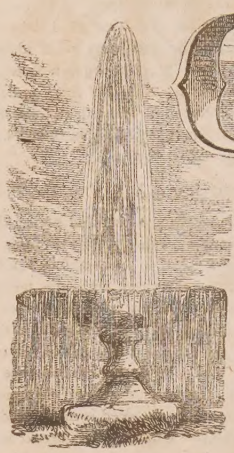
When beautiful flowers impart their perfume,
And sweet is their fragrance and lovely their bloom,
I think of the summer that endlessly glows,
And the fadeless fragrance of Sharon's bright rose.

SINGING.—(*By the pupils who have brought the flowers.*)

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Sunday School Concert Book.

The Smitten Rock.



ON account of their fears and weak-heartedness, the Israelites were turned back from Canaan, and wandered in the wilderness for many years. For more than thirty years probably — for the lifetime of a whole generation—they lived this roving life, pitching their tents from place to place in the valleys, and caring for their flocks and herds. The old spirit of rebellion did not wholly leave their hearts, and the sad trace of their Egyptian bondage still remained; for we read in the prophets that they lapsed many times into idolatry. But they as often came back to the worship of the God who had done so much for them; and on the whole they grew into a better and a braver people.

In all these years the older members of the great congregation had passed away: those who were middle aged had become old and feeble: and those who were now strong and active were the little children of thirty years before. But this generation, though better than their fathers, were still like them. When things went wrong with them they still murmured, not only against the Lord but against Moses and Aaron. And Moses and Aaron had now grown old, and were perhaps not so well able to bear the burden of their complaints. We read (in the 17th of Exodus) when the Israelites had just crossed the Red Sea and had come to Horeb where there was no water, that Moses, by command of the Lord, smote the rock, and the hidden waters gushed forth and satisfied the thirst of the people and of all their flocks. When they encamped at Sinai the stream that gushed forth from this fountain flowed through their camp, and the supply of fresh water never failed. This story of the goodness of God to their fathers all these later Israelites must have known; the older of them must even have remembered it. Yet when again they came to a district where there was no water, (as we read in the 20th of Numbers) they seemed to forget it all, and showed the same complaining spirit so natural to their fathers. They cried again against Moses, and moaned, "Would God that we had died when our brethren died."

Their aged leaders carried this new burden to the Lord. We read that they fell upon their faces, as if they were overcome as they would not have been in the days of their strength.

Then the Lord commanded Moses to take the rod "from before the Lord" and to show again a token of his power and goodness.

To take the rod from before the Lord was to take it from before the ark. In the 16th and 17th chapters of Numbers we have an account of the placing of the rods of the tribes there, and why it was done. Also the way in which Aaron was shown to be the Lord's chosen, to be the spiritual ruler of the people. The first picture of the ark we gave, showed these rods, with Aaron's rod, budded, in the midst.

This rod the Lord commanded Moses to take, and to speak to the rock in its name and in His name, that the water might gush forth. But Moses was angry with the people as he had sometimes been before. Only now the peevishness of age seems to show itself, as well as righteous indignation. He becomes fretful also, and calls the people "rebels." And instead of calling on God's name he does the wonder in *his own* name, saying, "Must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?" And then instead of speaking to the rock, he smote it angrily with the rod.

Moses was a very great and noble man, — one of the grandest that ever lived. But after all he was human, with all human passions; and he came far short of the grandeur of Jesus, who "when he was reviled reviled not again," and who, tempted in all points as we are, was yet without sin.

The waters gushed forth, as the Lord had promised. The people were not to blame for the sin of Aaron and Moses. But with them, their Lord was not pleased. He called the place Meribah, because there they rebelled against him, and sanctified not His name instead of their own, before the children of Israel. And for this disobedience he pronounced the sad decree that they were not worthy to go into the Land of Promise. They, too, with all their generation must die in the wilderness.

But this great miracle and blessing of supplying the people with water when they were dying of thirst was always afterwards remembered. and their gratitude lives in their very language hundreds of years afterwards. The Psalms are full of celebrations of His mercy "who made the waters to gush forth in the wilderness." The prophet cries "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" and our Saviour is talking of these very miracles in the wilderness when he says, "Whosoever will drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

Double Acrostic.

AN ENGLISH POETESS AND AN AMERICAN POET.

I, a good servant, but bad master, am;
A precious stone am I, when not a sham;
A German critic, bard, and dramatist;
A classic hill by Grecian sunrise kissed;
The light and easy movement of a steed;
A plant of which we seldomer taste than read;
The commonest living creature known on earth;
A prince whose friend oft shakes our sides with mirth;
A famous cavern in an Orient land;
A well-known island by the Irish strand;
A snowy mountain towering to the skies;
Shame on his memory! all nature cries;
A wild and bitter plum of no great size.

—*Dayspring.*

Answers.

MAY 30. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

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